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VOL. 11.

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NO. 5.

THE CITIZEN

C. REXFORD RAYMOND, Editor.

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IDEAS.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

Let your recreations be manful, not sinful. *Washington.*

Whoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. *Bible.*

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears. *Franklin.*

Be sure to read the letter from Sile on last page.

The CITIZEN makes his bow to many new subscribers.

Start in with the great serial story which begins this week.

President Frost preaches in the Baptist Church at Berea on Sunday, August 12th, at a union meeting.

Miss Lena Woods will call on our neighbors in Berea who have not yet subscribed. Give her your name soon.

Repeat the Goebel Election Law.

FOREIGN.

The world's Christian Endeavor convention opened in London on July 13th.

The Boers, after fighting all day July 11, took Natal's Nek from the British, capturing many prisoners. Heavy British loss.

1500 American soldiers have been sent to China from the Philippines and 19,000 Japanese troops have embarked. The natives are rising all over China except in the extreme west, and the watch cry is, "Death to every foreigner!" Japan is a place of refuge for foreigners of all nationalities who will be taken there by the United States transport Logan.

There is no doubt but that all the foreigners in Peking, numbering about 1800 have been massacred. News was received July 15th that Prince Tuan turned his guns upon the British legation, and though a desperate defense was made, every foreigner was killed. Tien Tsin has been heavily bombarded by the Chinese for several days, and in a recent attack upon the besiegers by the Japanese, British, and Russian soldiers, 400 Chinese were killed.

NATIONAL.

Tornadoes and floods are doing much damage in Texas.

Only half a crop of corn is expected in Kansas, on account of the drought.

The National Educational Association adjourned at Charleston, S. C., July 13th.

It is believed that the miners in the Jellico and Coal Creek districts are about to strike for higher wages.

The strike is again on in St. Louis, and the Citizen's Committee is trying to bring about a settlement by arbitration. Both employers and union men are standing firm.

In the athletic contests in Paris last Sunday, eight out of ten events were won by Americans, though some of the best men refused to compete because it was Sunday.

Gen. MacArthur is calling for more men for the Philippines. Serious fighting is expected in Mindanao, Luzon, and the Zulu Islands. The Catholic priests are stirring up the people to revolt.

KENTUCKY.

Democratic State Convention the 19th.

The Central Kentucky Medical Association meets in Lancaster, July 19. The Illinois Central fast mail train was held up at Mayfield Creek Bridge, July 11th, by six masked men, and \$10,000 was taken.

The trial of Caleb Powers, first case for assassination of Goebel, began this week. The jury is said to consist of eleven democrats and one republican. Powers is very cool.

Republican State Convention in Louisville met yesterday and nominated Hon. J. W. Yerkes for governor. The man and the platform are worthy of the votes of good citizens. Full particulars next week.

Locals and Personals.

Miss Ethel Putnam is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. I. B. Parker, of Mt. Sterling, Ky., is visiting at Dr. Lusk's.

Mr. Sam Conn and family returned from Bedford, Ind., last Friday.

Mr. Herbert Knox, a former student at Berea College, is in town.

More students than usual are planning to board at the Hall next year.

Mrs. Clara Williams has taken rooms at the Hospital for a few weeks.

The CITIZEN is in receipt of Rev. W. E. Burton's latest book, "Pine Knot."

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fish returned with Miss Addie Fish from Winchester Monday.

Don't forget the turnpike from Brannaman's corner to Lewis' blacksmith shop!

The treasurer's office and the primary building are receiving new coats of paint.

Mrs. Sallie Cornelison has returned from a two week's visit at Pittsburg and London.

Pres. Frost will preach at State Lick Springs at half-past two o'clock next Sunday afternoon.

Miss Grace Clark leaves today for a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Diney at Harlan Court House.

For SALE.—A bed, a cooking and a heating stove, a carpet, also a ladies' bicycle. Call on Mrs. Kate E. Putnam.

Miss Nannie Tudor, of Richmond, arrived last week to assist Miss Codrington in teaching the public school.

Mrs. Cash Rawlings, Mrs. I. C. Ogg and children have returned from a visit to Cumberland Gap and Middleboro.

Rev. Jno. Dowden, of Florida, will preach at the Berea Church next Sunday. Pres. Frost leads the Prayer-meeting tonight.

Miss Sallie Chrisman, of Panola, Ky., visited her friend, Miss Grace Lester, last week. She began teaching near Panola Monday.

Prof. C. R. Raymond filled the pulpit at the Union Church Sunday and preached an eloquent sermon on "the ox that gored in time past."

The Berea, Wallacetown and Cartersville Turnpike Co. are receiving bids for the construction of that road. There will be a great demand for laborers.

Mrs. B. F. Tevis, of Kirksville, Ky., and W. L. Tevis, of Silver Creek, who are staying at Mullory Springs, were visitors at the college buildings Thursday.

Miss Lucy Adelle Sloane, Preceptress and Professor of English at the Central Michigan Normal School, Mt. Pleasant, Mich., and a former teacher in Berea College, is visiting Mrs. Jennie Hill.

Prof. and Mrs. L. V. Dodge left Friday for an extended trip through Ohio. Prof. Dodge will preside at the Regimental Reunion at Jefferson, Ohio, August 11, and will also go to the G. A. R. Encampment at Chicago the last of September.

J. M. Hurt, W. R. Gabbard, T. A. Robinsons, Josiah Burdette, A. W. Titus, Charles Hanson, Richard Moore, and Green Hill attended the Republican Convention to nominate delegates for the State Convention at Louisville. Delegates were instructed to vote for J. W. Yerkes for governor.

Arthur Yocum, now at Chautauqua, says that Mr. Flowers, who has been in Berea and whose reading of "Ben Hur" was enjoyed so much, gave one of the best entertainments of the season so far. For over an hour and a half Mr. Flowers held his large audience, of about five or six thousand, spellbound. "The prize spelling match, though long was interesting, as there were seventy contestants. Thirty-five from New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania and as many from the rest of the civilized world, New Jersey and Kentucky included, on the other. The contestants were thinned down to Miss Ada Donahue Franklin, of New York, and Mr. A. E. Lee, of Arkansas. But the 'fall of man' was caused by the word literal.

The Lexington Horse Show, Fair and Carnival, Aug. 13-18.

Madison County.

Examination for white teachers, July 20, 21.

Quite a large crowd of campers from Mt. Vernon, Ky. will be at Mallory this week.

A large number of citizens of Richmond spent Saturday and Sunday at Estill Springs.

The Democratic Convention at Richmond on Monday, was addressed by Hon. W. B. Smith and Hon. Jas. B. McCreary, and elected delegates to the State Convention who were instructed to present the name of Mr. Smith for governor. It was resolved that "we heartily pledge our allegiance to Wm. J. Bryan, and endorse every principle of his platform."

Special term of Circuit Court opened Tuesday with the following docket: Laveina Cunningham vs. J. T. Estill & Co.; W. S. Hume & Co. vs. Richmond Electric Co.; J. E. Greenleaf vs. Hattie Buchanan; W. A. Williams vs. Herman Grimes & Co.; C. C. Perkins, Admr., vs. Whitte; Martha Jane Shearer vs. Mrs. A. Watts & Co.; Second National Bank vs. S. D. Parrish & Co.; H. C. Stagner's Ex'ors., vs. H. C. Stagner's Dev.; Joe Alexandria vs. Admr. vs. Emerine Alexandria; Louis Johnson vs. Nannie Johnson; J. F. Walker vs. Lizzie Doty; Nora Warren vs. Enoch Warren; Jordan Asher vs. Flora Asher; John Power's Admr., vs. John Power's Hrs. and Ords; Isaiah Boone's Admr. vs. I. Boone & Co.

The Republican County Convention at Richmond on Saturday was addressed by J. T. McClintock, Judge E. C. Million, and Hon. E. T. Burman, and instructed its delegates to support Hon. J. W. Yerkes for governor. Resolutions endorsed the administration of Pres. McKinley, and defined the issue in Kentucky as follows:

In our judgment in the coming election the matter of greatest concern is the preservation of the personal liberties of the citizens of this state, and we invoke in this most righteous cause the aid of all republicans, democrats, prohibitionists and populists to aid in the coming contest toward the repeal of the Goebel election law, and the defeat of those who have been disregarding with contempt the rights of the people.

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OUR PLATFORM.

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The CITIZEN brings, first of all, the news—not every tale of crime or horror, but the important news—the news from Washington and the State capital, from our soldiers in far off islands, from our neighbors everywhere. For the young folks we have a story and a Bible lesson; for housewives, a few new ideas each week which should lighten their labors; for the farmer some valuable hints which will help him to make more from his land and cattle.

We propose to get the best ideas that can be found on all such practical and important matters and pass them around among our readers. The resources of Berea College are not for its students alone. The editor of this paper can at any time step into the largest College library in the State, and he has engaged several of the most distinguished instructors in the College to take charge of special departments in the paper. Those who are visited by THE CITIZEN will know what is going on in the world. Every week it will tell them something worth knowing.

THE CITIZEN is pledged to no party. It is every man's friend. It stands for the things which benefit all—temperance, thrift, kindness, enterprise, and education. And we ask all who believe in these things to subscribe for THE CITIZEN.

\$30,000 offered in purses and premiums for live stock at the Lexington Horse Show, Fair and Carnival, Aug. 13-18.

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Colored Institutes.

Prof. F. L. Williams of Louisville, Ky., of the class '89 of Berea College, will conduct the following institutes: Springfield—July 16. Columbia—July 23. Greensburg—July 30. Lancaster—August 6. Richmond—August 13. Versailles—August 20. Warsaw—August 27.

Prof. Mourie will conduct the following institutes: Paris—August 6. Glasgow—August 9. Franklin—August 16. Cadiz—August 23. Stanford—August 30.

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THE CITIZEN.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

HEREA. KENTUCKY

George Bancroft, the historian, was born at Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800, and a movement is on foot to commemorate the hundredth anniversary in suitable fashion.

The Adirondack mountains embrace an area of over two million eight hundred thousand acres, and in this great area fully 300 mountain peaks rise to altitudes ranging from 1,200 to 5,000 feet.

The strongest men of the three manliest races in the present world are nonflesh-eating—the Turanian mountaineers, the Mandingo tribes of Senegambia and the Schleswig-Holstein Bauern, who furnish the heaviest soldiers for the German army and the ablest seamen for the Hamburg navy.

The German historian and novelist, Gustav Freytag, decided shortly before his death that the trouble with Germany was that through the death of Kaiser Frederick the generation that had grown up with him was deprived of the realization of its ideas in favor of the younger generation represented by the present emperor.

The bulk of the toy balloons seen in this country are imported. Americans have proved successful manufacturers of India rubber tires and belts, of blankets, druggists' goods and the more important articles of the trade, and yet all efforts to make the toy balloon profitably have failed. The factory is just getting on its feet and supplying a limited quantity.

According to President Jordan, of Leland Stanford, Jr., university, the endowment of that institution is greater than that of Harvard and Columbia universities combined. At the recent commencement the doctor's degree was conferred upon two students; the A. M. degree was won by twenty-one students, while the number of graduating class to receive the A. B. degree was 142.

Until the discovery of deposits of lime in the Calico mountains borax had been a product of the marsh and of methods the simplest, admitting no improvement in mechanical appliances. An entirely new era opened with the discovery of borate of lime in stratified rock formation. Thenceforward the industry was transformed into a proposition akin to that of quartz mining.

Richard Croker's neighbors in his English home in Berkshire have a genuine liking for him and are disgusted at the attacks made upon him recently by a London newspaper. To them he is a very quiet, unassuming man, friendly, hospitable and charitable, and so lacking in obtrusiveness that they have to seek his companionship. They say that they know and care nothing for his political relations in this country.

Among the graduates from Yale this year was Miss Seichi Yamaguchi, of Tokio, Japan, who won the degree of bachelor of arts. The dark little woman received her diploma bareheaded and in her native costume, her black hair lying smooth and shiny, fastened by a colossal stickpin, while her shawl and broad sash, flung gracefully about her plump little figure, made her look like some small "Yum Yum" just out of school.

Belgium's census was taken on the last day of last year and the general results as regards population have just been made public. The population of the kingdom is 6,744,532, consisting of 3,363,436 males and 3,381,096 females. Officially Antwerp is the most populous town, with 282,018 inhabitants; Brussels follows with 210,065, but if the eight contiguous suburbs are counted, which practically are a part of Brussels, the population rises to 570,884.

British statisticians are reckoning up what Great Britain owes to the scourge of influenza. There have been two serious epidemics of influenza there in the past ten years, one in the winter of 1891-92, when the amount of property paying death duties advanced \$150,000,000 above the average, and again in the past winter, when the increase was about \$140,000,000 over the previous year. The fact that influenza was almost the sole cause of the increase is shown in elaborate statistical tables.

King Menelik's palace, known as the "Ghebe," occupies no inconsiderable space in Addis Ababa, the capital. Capt. Harrington describes it as an enclosure of nearly two miles in circumference, divided into a number of compounds, containing the chapel, audience hall and private apartments. One of the most characteristic sights is the "ghibor," or bi-weekly banquet given in the throne room every Sunday and Thursday to the soldiers at the capital.

Viscount Donerale, grand senior warden of the English free masons, is the lineal descendant of the only lady who was ever made a free mason. His ancestress, Elizabeth St. Leger, the wife of Col. Richard Aldworth and the mother of the first Viscount Donerale, who assumed the name of St. Leger, hid in a recess in a room in Donerale court, County Cork, during the holding in that room of a meeting of a masonic lodge years ago. She was discovered and immediately initiated into the masonic mysteries.

The Sturgis Wager

A DETECTIVE STORY

BY EDGAR MORETTE

[Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.]

CHAPTER I.

THE CABMAN'S FARE.

It was bitterly cold. The keen December wind swept down the crowded thoroughfare, nipping the noses and ears of the gay pedestrians, comfortably muffled in their warm wraps.

Broadway was thronged with the usual holiday shoppers and pleasure-seekers. Cabs with their jaded steeds driven by weatherbeaten jehus, and private carriages behind well-groomed horses huddled by liveried coachmen, deftly made their way through the crowds and deposited their fares at the entrances of the brightly-lighted theaters or fashionable restaurants. A wizened hag, seated on the curbstone at the corner, seemed to shrink into herself with the cold as she turned the crank of her tiny barrel-organ and ground out a dismal and scarcely audible cacophony; while an anxious-eyed newsboy, not yet in his teens, shivered on the opposite side of the way, as, with tremulous lips, he solicited a purchaser for his unsold stock. One could hardly be expected to open a warm overcoat on such a cold night, for the sake of throwing a cent to an old beggar woman, or of buying a newspaper from a ragged urchin. Even the gayly decorated shop windows failed to arrest the idle passerby; for it required perpetual motion to keep the blood in circulation.

The giant policeman on the crossing, representing the majesty of the law, swayed the crowd of vehicles and pedestrians with the authoritative gestures of his ponderous hands, and gallantly escorted bands of timid women through the inextricable maze.

And withal, the cable cars, with their discordant clangor, rumbled rapidly to and fro, like noisy shuttles, shooting the wool of the many-hued fabric which is the life of a great city.

Presently from one of the side streets there came a cab, which started leisurely to cross Broadway. The big policeman, with his eyes fixed upon an approaching car, held up a warning hand, to which the driver seemed to pay no attention, for the reins remained slack and the listless horse continued to move slowly across the avenue.

Several people turned to look with mild curiosity at the bold cabman who dared thus to disregard the authority of blue cloth and brass buttons. Their surprise turned quickly to amazement and discomfiture when their eyes rested upon him; for his head had fallen forward upon his chest and his limp body swayed upon the box with every motion of the cab. He seemed unconscious of his surroundings, like one drunk or in a stupor.

At his side sat a young man closely muffled in his overcoat, and with a sealskin cap pulled well down over his ears. His face was deathly pale. Those who caught sight of his features saw that his bloodless lips were firmly set, and that his eyes glittered with a feverish light. He carried one hand in the lapel of his coat. With the other he shook the inert form of the unconscious cabman, in an effort to arouse him to a sense of the impending danger.

The situation flashed upon the gripman on the car. Instantly he threw his weight upon the brake-wheel, at the same time loudly sounding his gong. The policeman, too, understood in a twinkling what was about to happen, and rushed for the horse's head. But it was too late. The cab was fairly across the track when the car, with slackened speed, crashed into it.

Just before the collision, the young man in the sealskin cap sprang from the box to the street. He leaped upon his feet; but, losing his balance, he fell forward upon his left arm, which still remained in the lapel of his coat. He must have hurt himself; for those standing near him heard him groan. But the center of interest was elsewhere, and no one paid much attention to the young man, who, arising quickly, disappeared in the crowd.

The cab, after tottering for an instant on two wheels, fell over upon its side, with a loud noise of splintering wood and breaking glass. The driver rolled off the box in a heap. At the same time, the panic-stricken passengers on the car rushed madly for the doors, fighting like wild beasts in their haste to reach a place of safety.

After the first frenzied moment, it became evident that, although badly shaken up, the passengers had received no injuries, except such bruises as they had inflicted upon each other in their mad struggle to escape. By this time a crowd had collected about the overturned cab, and several more policemen had come to the assistance of the first one, who was now seated serenely upon the head of the cab-horse, a precaution seemingly superfluous, for the poor beast, though uninjured, appeared to be quite satisfied to rest where he lay until he should be forced once more to resume the grind of his unhappy existence.

The cabman had been rudely shaken by his fall. He had lain as though unconscious for the space of a

few seconds; then, with assistance, he had managed to struggle to his feet. He stood now as though dazed by the shock, trying to understand what had happened.

"Are you hurt?" inquired one of the policemen.

The man, mumbling an unintelligible reply, raised his hand to a scalp wound from which the blood was flowing freely.

At that moment two men forced their way through the crowd which a circle of policemen had some difficulty in keeping at a distance from the wounded cabman. One was a middle-aged individual, who gave his name as Dr. Thurston and offered his services as a physician; the other was a young man with keen gray eyes, who said nothing, but exhibited a reporter's badge.

The physician at once turned his attention to the cabman; felt him, thumped him, pinched him; smelt his breath; and then delivered his verdict:

"No bones broken. The slight scalp wound doesn't amount to anything. The man has been drinking heavily. He is simply drunk."

The horse had by this time been unharnessed and the cab had been lifted upon its wheels again.

The reporter stood by a silent and apparently listless spectator of the scene.

Dr. Thurston turned to him: "Come along, Sturgis; neither you nor I are needed here; and if we do not hurry, Sprague's dinner will have to wait for us. It is a quarter to eight now."

The reporter seemed about to follow his friend, but he stood for an instant irresolute.

"I say, doctor," he inquired at last, "are you sure the man is drunk?"

"He has certainly been drinking heavily. Why?"

"Because it seems to me—Hells, we cannot go yet; the passenger is more badly hurt than the driver."

"The passenger?" queried the physician, turning in surprise to the policeman.

"What passenger?" asked the policeman, looking at the cabman. "Have you a passenger inside, young fellow?"

"Naw," replied the cabman, who seemed to be partially sobered by the shock and loss of blood. "Naw, I ain't got no fare, harrin' the man wot was on the box."

The reporter observed the man closely as he spoke; and then, pointing to the step of the cab, which was plainly visible in the glare of a neighboring electric lamp:

"I mean the passenger whose blood is trickling there," he said, quietly.

Every eye was turned in the direction of his outstretched hand.

A few drops of a thick dark liquid had oozed from under the door, and was dripping upon the iron step. The cab door was closed and the curtain was drawn down over the sash, the glass of which had been shattered by the fall.

One of the policemen tried to open the door. It stuck in the jamb. Then he exerted upon it the whole of his brute strength; and, of a sudden, it yielded. As it flew open the body of a man lurched from the inside of the cab, and before anyone could catch it tumbled in a heap upon the pavement.

A low cry of horror escaped from the crowd.

The cabman's passenger was a man past middle age, neatly but painfully dressed.

As Dr. Thurston and a policeman bent over the prostrate form, the reporter shot a keen glance in the direction of the cabman, who stood staring at the body with a look of ghastly terror in his bulging eyes.

Presently the physician started to his feet with a low exclamation of surprise.

"Is he dead, doctor?" asked the policeman.

"He has been dead for some time," replied the physician, impressively. "The body is almost cold."

"Dead dead for some time?" echoed the policeman.

"Yes; this man was shot. See there?"

As he spoke he pointed toward the streak which, starting from the left side of the dead man's coat, extended downward and marked the course of the tiny stream in which the life blood had flowed to a little pool on the floor of the cab.

"Shot!" exclaimed the policeman, who turned immediately to one of his brother officers. "Keep your eyes on the cabman, Jim. We'll have to take him in. And look out for the other man, quick!"

Then, addressing the cabman, upon each of whose shoulders a policeman's hand was immediately placed, he asked, roughly:

"Who is this man?"

The cabman was completely sober now. He stood, pale and trembling, between his two captors, as he replied solemnly:

"Before God, I don't know, boss. I never saw him before."

The policeman looked at the man in blank amazement for an instant. Then he turned away contemptuously.

"All right, young fellow," he said, "you don't have to confess to me. But I guess you'll have a chance to tell that story to a judge and jury."

Then he proceeded to examine the dead man's pockets. They were empty.

"Looks like robbery," he murmured. "What is it, Jim? Haven't you got the other man?"

Jim had not found the other man; for the pale young fellow in the sealskin cap had disappeared.

The reporter was stooping over the body, while Dr. Thurston cut through the clothing and laid bare a small, round wound.

"Here is another bullet wound," said Sturgis, turning over the body slightly, and pointing out a second round hole in the back of the dead man.

He seemed to take great interest in this discovery. He whipped out a steel tape and rapidly but carefully took a number of measurements, as if to locate the positions of the two wounds. Then he stepped into the cab, and, striking match after match, he spent several minutes apparently in eager search for something which he could not find.

"That is strange," he muttered to himself, as he came out at last.

"What is it?" inquired Thurston, who alone caught the words.

But the reporter either did not hear or did not care to answer. He at once renewed his search on the brilliantly-lighted pavement in the immediate vicinity of the cab; examining every stone, investigating every joint and every rut, prodding with his cane every lump of frozen mud, turning every stray scrap of paper.

"Well, doctor," he said, when at length he rejoined his companion, "if you have done all that you can we may as well go. It is one of the prettiest problems I have met; but there is nothing more for me to learn here for the present. By the way, as I was saying when I interrupted myself a little while ago, are you sure the cabman is drunk? I wish you would take another good look at him. The question may be more important than it seemed at first."

A few minutes later the physician and the reporter were hurrying along to make up for the time they had lost; the cab and the cabman had disappeared in the custody of the police, and the cabman's greasy fare was jolting through Twenty-sixth street, in the direction of a small building which stands near the East river, and in which the stranded waifs of the new world metropolis can find rest at last, upon a stone slab, in the beginning of their eternal sleep.

Broadway had resumed its holiday aspect; the wizened hag at the corner still patiently ground out her plaintive discords; the tenfold new-boy, with his slowly diminishing armful of newspapers, continued to shiver in the cold wind, as he offered his stock to the hurrying pedestrians; the big policeman again plied his fair charges through the mass of moving vehicles, and the clanging cable cars started once more on their rumbling course.

CHAPTER II.

THE WAGER.

"What I mean to assert," said Ralph Sturgis, with quiet conviction, "is that every crime is its own historian; that all its minutest details are written in circumstantial evidence as completely as an eyewitness could see them—ave, more fully and more truly than they could be described by the criminal himself."

The reporter was a man of about 30, whose regular features bore the unmistakable stamp of intelligence and refinement. In repose, they wore an habitual expression of introspective concentration, which might have led a careless observer to class Ralph Sturgis in the category of mindless dreamers. But a single flash of the piercing gray eyes generally sufficed to dispel any such impression; and told of keen perception and underlying power. The month was 30 and kind, the bearing that of a gentleman and a man of education.

"But," objected the host, "you surely do not mean to express a belief in the infallibility of circumstantial evidence?"

"Why not?"

"Because you must know as well as

anyone how misleading uncorroborated circumstantial evidence is. I do not forget what remarkable results you have often accomplished for the Daily Tempest in detecting and following up clues to which the official detectives were blind. But, frankly, were not your conclusions usually the result of lucky guesses, which would have remained comparatively useless as evidence had they not been subsequently proved correct by direct testimony?"

"Let me reply to your question by an other, Sprague," answered Sturgis. "When you draw a check, does the paying teller at the bank require the testimony of witnesses to your signature before admitting its genuineness?"

"No, of course not."

"Precisely. He probably knows the signature of Harvey M. Sprague, the depositor, better than he does the face of Sprague, the artist. And yet the evidence here is purely circumstantial. I know of at least one recent instance in which the officials of a New York bank placed their implicit reliance upon circumstantial evidence of this sort, in spite of the direct testimony of the depositor, who was willing to acknowledge the genuineness of a check to which his name had been forged."

"I suppose you refer to the Forsyth case," said Sprague; "but you must remember that Col. Forsyth was actuated by the desire to shield the forger, who was his own scapegrace son."

[To Be Continued.]

AN ANGRY FATHER.

He Undertook to Intimidate a School-Teacher, But Got the Worst of It.

When Charles D. Folsom, the New York lawyer, left Phillips-Exeter academy, New Hampshire, he had a distinct feeling of pride that he was a graduate from the same school that sent Daniel Webster to fight the battle of life, and, because Webster's second step was school teaching, and because he needed the money, he adopted this profession. From this time, on, to use his own words, all likeness between his own and the great statesman's career ended, says the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

It was at Sanbornville Square, New Hampshire. There were four giants of boys in the school, all over 15 years of age, and Mr. Folsom was only 19. But he had the advantage of practical physical training on his side. One day the father of one of the giants, who had a bad reputation as a local fighter, drove up to the school-house with an ax and asked for the teacher. He hammered on the door for several moments, and when the teacher appeared he returned to his buggy. The irate parent said:

"Young man, did you lick one of my boys yesterday?"

"I did, sir."

"Well, if you do it again I'll fix you."

"No, you won't," was the answer; "I'll whip your boys so long as they are under my charge and disobey the rules."

"Well, we'll see," said the man, preparing to get out.

It just then occurred to Mr. Folsom that this was his time, and he lifted the bed of the light buggy off the wheels and tipped it over. Into the ditch rolled the man with the ax, while the teacher and 35 school children looked on and grinned. It was too much for the man, and, adjusting the buggy top, he rode quietly away.

Took a Costly Nap.

To begin with, he's "a good fellow." That's a phrase easier understood by men than by women. It generally means well. It means he's an all-round good sort in the male line, says the Philadelphia Press. The other afternoon he was feeling pretty good. He had been quite thirsty, if what he had taken was to be judged as a criterion. And the libations left him in a thoroughly good humor, and he felt at peace with the world. In this delightful mental and physical state he bethought him of a friend of his in Providence, R. I. And he further thought that he would call up that particular friend on the telephone. So he went to a Broad street hotel, told the young woman there who had charge of the 'phone that he wanted to speak to Mr. Samuel-Sa in Providence, and wouldn't she kindly call up the party. The girl did as she was bade. "Party on the 'phone," she said, and the man went into the telephone box, sat down and put the receiver to his ear. And then he calmly and sweetly dropped off to sleep. When he woke up he owed the telephone company \$32.90. He said he wouldn't pay it—but he did.

Ready to Back It Up.

"Right ahead of us," resumed the traveler who was narrating his experiences, "yawned the mountain pass."

"Do you know," artlessly interrupted one of the younger women of the company, "that seems very queer to me? How can a mountain yawn?"

"Did you ever see Cumberland Gap, miss?" he asked.

And there were no more interruptions.—Chicago Tribune.

Two Painted Noddy.

Wife—We should have that back shed attended to right away.

Husband—I spoke to Dobbs, the painter, about it, and he says he's so busy he won't be able to touch it for a month yet.

"O, we can't wait that long. It needs to be painted very badly."

"All right, then, I'll do it myself."

For Ornament Only.

Visitor—Your smoking-room is beautifully furnished.

Mr. Henperk—Yes; if only I were allowed to smoke in it.—Tit-Bits.

War Notes from China.

The imperial arsenal at Sing-Hi is running aghast, making metal shields with serrated edges.

Prince Hung is buying up all the two-handed wooden awls for the use of the royal guard.

Twenty islands of firecracker guns have been seized in the province of Taka-Nip. Handies are being fitted to a thousand dozen enameled cooking pots.

Two hundred assorted kites in the shape of demonic dragons are to be sent up to frighten away the foreign dogs.

Twenty-five thousand war gongs are being lacquered in colors and provided with bamboo thumpers. These will be beaten upon as soon as the white devils appear and are expected to throw them into a blue panic.

There is a brisk demand for Canton matted bonnets with rice paper prayers gummed on them. These are certain to turn aside the shells from the invaders' heavy siege guns.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Pinkham Record

Is a proud and peerless record. It is a record of cure, of constant conquest over obstinate ills of women; ills that deal out despair; suffering that many women think is woman's natural heritage; disorders and displacements that drive out hope.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

cures those troubles of woman, and robs menstruation of its terrors.

No woman need be without the safest and surest advice, for Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Can any woman afford to ignore the medicine and the advice that has cured a million women?

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New Railroad to San Francisco

Santa Fe Route, by its San Joaquin Valley Extension.

The only line with track and trains under one management all the way from Chicago to the Golden Gate.

Mountain passes, extinct volcanoes, petrified forests, prehistoric ruins, Indian pueblos, Yosemite, Grand Cañon of Arizona, en route.

Same high-grade service that has made the Santa Fe the favorite route to Southern California.

Fast schedule; Pullman and Tourist sleepers daily; Free reclining chair cars; Harvey meals throughout.

General Passenger Office The Alhambra, Tokyo & Santa Fe Bldg., CHICAGO.

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CHICAGO to OMAHA

Double Daily Service

New line via Rockford, Dubuque, Waterloo, Fort Dodge and Council Bluffs. Buffet-labry-smoking-dining cars. Read to the undersigned for a free copy of Picture and Notes En-Route illustrating this new line as seen from the car window. Tickets of agents of T. C. R. R. and connecting lines.

J. H. HANSON, G. T. A., Chicago.

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Cream Custard Free.

All Grocers are giving, with a package of Borden's Heavy Jellycon, a 10c. package of Borden's Cream Custard. Heavy Jellycon is the finest Jellycon preparation. No cooking or baking. Dissolve in hot water and set away to harden. Flavors: Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Wild Cherry and Peach. Order to-day.

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catalogue, running 118 pages, and the Lowest Wholesale prices on guns, ammunition of all kinds, including fishing rods, pump-action guns, traps, and all kinds of camping outfit. "We sell more guns, small goods, traps and all kinds of camping outfit, than ALL THE REST OF THE HOUSES IN THE NORTHWEST COMBINED. Why, simply because we have the prices right. If you have not one of our gun catalogues, read them now."

T. M. Roberts' Supply House, Minneapolis, Minn.

Letter from J. G. Fee.

Race Prejudice.

Race prejudice is the feeling of antipathy which persons of one race hold against persons of another race. Correctly speaking there is but one race. "God hath made of one blood all nations of men." Eve is the mother of us all. But in civilized and barbarous lands men are divided into classes—tribal, provincial and otherwise. In this country the principal division is that of "colored" and "white." The colored are the descendants of those who were once enslaved and placed by society in a lower caste. Though freedom came to the enslaved unfortunately in this country proscription still rests upon those who wear the complexion of the former slave. This, however unjust, exists; and this by the customs of society and church arrangements and state legislation. The colored, however meritorious many may now be, are held in a proscribed condition in society, in church and in state; and the sad fact is that by race education this race prejudice is strengthened—in a measure stereotyped. The prejudice referred to is not an instinctive aversion to color. The little white child manifests no such aversion. In Lexington, Ky., as we are informed, there are three Indian girls in the most reputable female school in that city. All right; but suppose some three or more girls, light in complexion, tidy and upright, had applied for admission but it was found they had a taint of African blood in their veins. What would have been their fate? The doors would have been shut and these girls pushed into a separate caste. Why? Because they were the remote descendants of those who once were slaves. It is the condition that makes the caste—not complexion. Sarah, the wife of Abraham, was said to be "fair," in the sense of comely, but not light in complexion. So with the wife of Moses and of Solomon. Here it was character, not complexion, that lifted out of lower caste into higher. How silly to make condition and not character the condition of caste!

This proscription of meritorious persons because of the mere incident of color is unjust, unphilanthropic, unpatriotic, unchristian; and for the good of society and the glory of God needs to be corrected. The school-room is one of the most efficient places in which to correct the wrong. Here sentiments and habits are formed which govern in future life.

This prejudice, whether in colored or white, with the attendant proscriptive practice, is a violation of the fundamental principle of the religion of Christ—Love. "Love thy neighbor as thyself," manifested by Christ's Golden Rule, "Do unto men as you would they should do unto you." In the light of this rule we can all see the necessity of a radical change in the customs of society, the arrangements of churches and state legislations. Whatever is not in harmony with this rule will be "weighed and found wanting," in time and in time eternity. There have been many reforms in religion but none so important as that which would restore practically the fundamental feature of the religion of Christ. May we be zealous about the forms and the doctrines of Christianity but neglect the practical application of the law of love, without which all else is as

"sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." The radical change will never come without a vigorous application of the truth—as it is in Christ. Darkness never corrects itself. It is only the introduction of light that dispels darkness.

The preachers and editors who are hoping for reformation by progress of events are only waiting for the condemnation of those who "laid up their talent in a napkin." We must give ourselves vigorously to the upbuilding of such institutions as will correct the prejudices of men, and sanctify the customs of society.

JOHN G. FEE.

July 16th, 1900.

Correspondence.

Clay County.

Grace.

Mrs. Brighton had a quilting and wool-picking July 5.

Helen Brigham expects to begin school at this place soon.

T. A. Robinson was the guest of W. M. Murray several days ago.

T. Fred Clark passed through here July 7th on his way to Burning Springs where he expects to work.

The three-year old son of Tom Greer was recently killed by a log.

Madison County.

Terrill.

Mr. John B. Miller and Edward Mason attended services at the Glade Church last Sunday.

Rev. G. B. Miller, of Richmond, will teach here this summer. School opened Monday, July 16.

Miss Annie V. Miller left last Saturday to go to Rice Station, Estill county, where she will teach.

Mrs. Nellie Tevis spent last Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Millie Smith, of Moran Summit, who is very sick.

Wolfe County.

Lee City.

The infant child of Clayton Rose died on the 3rd inst.

Cou Alexander had seven head of cattle killed by lightning the 7th inst.

Mr. J. J. Brewer, of this place, began his school at Big Branch the 16th.

Mr. James Veatch and family of Stanton, Ky., have moved to Lee City to make their home.

More young people are planning to go to Berea in the Fall term, which begins Sept. 12th.

There has been a great deal of busting among the teachers of this county the past week. The institute of this county will begin July 23.

Owsley County.

Booneville.

Rain is needed. J. T. Blair, of Corbin, is making a short visit here.

Your correspondent will teach again at Meadow Creek.

A. M. Reynolds is visiting John D. Hord, of Sturgeon, this week.

A. C. Gabbard is working on his farm on Indian Creek this week.

Old Aunt Fannie Rose, of this place, has gone to Lexington to have her eyes treated.

The number of Berea students will be increased next year, and more will go for the Fall term.

Albert M. Reynolds, a student of Berea, teaches this year at Sulphur Springs, Dist. No. 20.

The teacher's institute of Owsley county will commence on the 13th of August and continue five days.

L. C. Rose, of this place, has some thirty bee stands from which he has taken about a thousand pounds of honey this season.

Eversole.

Very dry weather.

Born to the wife of Jacob Gabbard a fine baby boy.

Isaac Gabbard, of Stringtown, Jackson county, was here last week buying sheep.

Mr. W. N. Duff and son, McKinley, of Wolf Creek, visited relatives here last Sunday.

Nearly all schools began Monday, July 16. Mr. C. B. Moore and wife will teach this school.

Mr. Jephtha Murrell and Miss Susan Halkous, of Buffalo, were married last Saturday by Rev. Page.

Mr. Pleasant Gabbard and Miss Lulu Baker, of Buffalo, were married last Saturday by Rev. Clem Roberts.

Mrs. Rachel Duff and Mrs. Jane States, both of Wolf Creek, visited their mother, Margaret Moore, last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Valentine Taylor, of Wolfe Creek, and Mrs. Laura Moore, of Berea, were married last Wednesday at Mrs. Margaret Moore's by Rev. C. M. Taylor. Best wishes.

Mr. Isaac Gabbard, who was here last week, expects to start for Indian Territory next month to make it his future home. His many friends wish him abundant success and a safe journey.

Gabbard.

L. F. Cole will teach school on Cow Creek this year.

The people here are nearly all done working their corn.

Marion Bailey is keeping goods near the Post-office.

Mrs. Nannie Moore has the school at Midway this year.

A. C. Gabbard, of Booneville, is up having his grass mowed.

J. K. Gabbard sold a fine yoke of oxen last week for \$105.00.

Rev. Lewis Caudell went to the depot last Tuesday after goods.

Lincoln Rollin, of Cow Creek, visited his brother, Alfred, Sunday.

Farmers are harvesting their oats, which proves to be a fair crop.

Michael Gabbard, of Eversole, visited relatives here last Sunday.

A. J. Edwards, of Manchester, visited relatives here last week.

Jimmie Rose, of Meadow Creek, passed through here Wednesday.

Merideth Gabbard will teach our school this year. He began July 16.

Rev. C. Roberts went to the depot Wednesday after goods for H. H. Rice.

Geo. Caywood, of Booneville, has been mowing grass for A. C. Gabbard.

Mrs. Rebecca Gabbard, who has been on the sick list for some time, is improving.

Henry Lewis and John Moore, of Cow Creek, went to Buffalo Wednesday on business.

Mr. T. P. Gabbard commenced his school at Grassy Lick Monday with a good attendance.

Some stock buyers passed through here Sunday with a fine drove of sheep and some cattle.

Miss Dora Moore and Merideth Gabbard were at the fair of Volantaine Taylor and Mrs. Laura Moore, on Wolf Creek Thursday.

M. J. Reynolds, agent for the Riverside Woolen Mills, Knoxville, Tenn., has been gathering up wool through this section. It is more profitable to use the wool for homespun and sell it at Berea.

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

Raising the "Skim Milk" Calf.

When the calf comes it is necessary to decide what to do with it. Shall we make veal of it, or shall we raise it for a steer or a dairy cow, as the case may be? Each intention will require a different method. Let us first speak of making veal. The best way is to place the calf in a pen or fasten it near its dam and allow it to suck twice a day. This will keep the calf in close quarters so it will take on fat quickly and will not entirely spoil the milk for milking purposes. The noddor of the dam should always be milked dry each time after the calf has sucked.

Next let us take up the heifer calf intended later to take its place with the other cows of the herd.

First, let the calf suck the cow once or twice and notice carefully the appearance of the sides of the calf afterwards—see how much they stick out. Then remove the calf to a warm pen and let it go twenty-four hours without anything to eat or drink. Of course the dam will be milked regularly. When the calf has fasted for twenty-four hours it will be very hungry. It should then be fed some of its dam's milk while it is still warm and fresh from the udder. Now is the time for patience and care. Back the calf into a corner and with a tin pail (never use wood, with about four quarts of the warm dam's milk in it, in one hand, get astride the neck of the calf and shove its head into the milk. It will want to back out. Let it do so for a minute, during which time it will begin licking the milk on its muzzle. Then give it another trial and it will soon learn to drink. Now the calf is very hungry and care should be taken not to give it too much. Look at its sides again and see how full they are, and have them just as full as when it sucked its dam.

One of the secrets of successful feeding is to have regular feeding times and feed just enough so stock will be hungry when meal time comes again. Remember, you can cause sickness by over-feeding as well as starvation by under-feeding.

After a week or ten days one quart of skim milk can take the place of the same quantity of dam's milk; but the skim milk should be perfectly sweet and should be warmed a little, about 90 degrees F. (by the thermometer, no guesswork), and a teaspoonful of ground flax, not oil cake, added in the place of the butter fat which has been removed in skimming. Until you get the calf on a whole skim milk diet each calf's food should be marked and kept separate. As soon as you begin to feed skim milk watch the calf's bowels. If they get loose you are either feeding too much ground flax or else you have not followed the foregoing directions.

If everything goes well the quantity of skim milk may be increased daily and the dam's milk diminished until at twenty days old the calf is drinking only skim milk with ground flax seed in it.

In feeding skim milk care must be taken to have it perfectly sweet and warmed for the calf before feeding. Some calves after they are a month old may thrive on sour skim milk, but it is risky to try it. If, however, the calf gets sour milk do not change back and forth from sweet to sour, but continue to feed either one or the other.

After a month old the calf should be allowed to nibble at some clean timothy hay. Also some oats in a box will be found good for it; and it should have a chance to help itself with salt and water.

\$1,700 given away to Shorthorn cattle alone at the Lexington Horse Show, Fair and Carnival, Aug. 13-18.

Those who live on farms are liable to many accidental cuts, burns and bruises, which heal rapidly when Ballard's Snow Liniment is promptly applied. Price 25 and 50 cts. S. E. Welch, Jr.

THE HOME.

Edited by MRS. KATE U. PUTNAM, Teacher in Berea College.

A Seed Covenation.

"As the winds have called us together," said the Thistle seed, "we may as well talk the matter over."

"I can't see what made the wind blow so hard for anyway," said the Milkweed. "I think I must have blown a mile or more."

"I was just settling into the ground for my winter's sleep, when along came Mr. East Wind and whisked me off here. What are we here for anyway?" asked the Milkweed seed.

"We are here," said the Thistle, "that we may tell each other how we take care of our seed babies, and how we send some of them from us so there may be other plants like what we have been in other places."

"If you please," cried the little Dandelion seed, "I should like to speak first, as I am afraid if I do not I shall have to be going very soon, for the winds make me tremble so now."

"Early last May a lovely golden flower blossomed in the midst of a rosette of dark green leaves. Every day more golden flowers appeared. All these flowers (I was one of them) were very sensitive to the changes in the weather. When it was going to rain, we closed our yellow rays, and covered them in our green calyx or hood. Every night, when the sun sank low in the west, we closed our eyes and went to sleep, and slept until the sun rose in the east, and called us to awaken."

"How about our seeds?"

"I must hurry and tell you, for I fear I must be travelling. In the place of my golden soon appears a fuzzy, globe-shaped head of seed. The seeds are on one end of the fuzz. This fuzz acts as our wings, and aids us to fly a long, long way. When our seeds are fully ripened, we are blown off by the wind to start another colony of Dandelions. There I cannot stay a minute longer; see, I am going! Good by, good by!"

"Who wants to speak next?"

"I," said the Milkweed. "I am afraid I cannot stay long. I have larger wings than the Dandelion, but my seed is heavier, and I am not as sensitive to the winds as she is."

"I suppose I had better begin at the beginning. We Milkweeds have a milky juice, although some other plants do also. We have rather curious-shaped flowers and some of our flowers are very cruel, for we catch bees and insects, and we sometimes catch lovely butterflies."

After the flowers, our seed forms in a rough looking pod on the outside, but it is very soft on the inside. There are a lot of us inside, too many for comfort, so, by and by, the pod or the cradle bursts open, and out we fly with only a slight invitation from the wind. By and by the cradle that held us is empty, and we are scattered to the four winds. I cannot say this; where the others are I do not know. This wind is getting too strong for me, I must be going. Good-bye."

(Continued next week)

THE SCHOOL.

A Letter From Sile.

DEAR CITIZENS:

I haven't wrote ye for a good while, but I want to tell ye 'bout a talk I had last Friday with Jack Hargrave, when I stopped in to his house ten mile up the creek to set a spell, bein' t'follable tired ridin'.

"Jack," says I, "it's about time for the free schools to open up, ain't it? Who's goin' to teach up here in your district?"

"Sally Jones," says he, "old Bob Joneses second gal."

"Sally Jones?" says I. "Why, I remember Sally, when she was a little gal, but I ain't heered tell on her much o' late years. Is she a good teacher, d' ye reckon?"

"Yes, I 'low she's a good un," says Jack. "Least ways she's been off to Berea three or four winters, fixin' fer to teach, an' she's got her a first class certificate, an' they all say she did right well in Long Hill district last year."

"Well that's fine fer you, Jack," says I, "to have such a good school fer yer children right here to home. How many've you got to send, anyway?"

"Oh, I've got about six of school age," says he, "but you needn't think I'm goin' to send that many. Jemima, the best un, can go, I reckon, an' Jim an' Tom can go part of the time, (if they ain't no when ther ain't no plowin' nor hoin' nor fodder pullin' to be done on the farm. But Fanny's twelve an' can help her ma, an' Hill is thirteen an' Bob fifteen, an' can do mighty nigh a man's work apiece, tendin' crops. There ain't no use in their goin' to school no more."

"Why, Jack," says I, "they ain't nothin' but boys yet? And have they went to school regular every year so far?"

"No," says Jack, "not to say regular, but they can read a little in the third reader, which is better'n nothin' I s'pose. Besides," says he, "I don't take so powerful much stock in this 'ere readin' an' writin' as ye do Sile."

"An' then I went fer him, "Jack," says I, "will ye get mad if I say somethin' sassy to ye?"

"No," says he, "I don't guess I'd get mad at you, Sile."

"Well then," says I, "you're tryin' to bring your boys an' gals up to be savages, an' they'd have red skins, too, if it wain't that their pappy and mammy are white folks?"

"How d'you make that out?" says he.

"This way," says I. "I heard a lecture once at a teachers' institute what said ther was three kinds of people in the world, savages, barbarians, an' civilized folks. Them as didn't know enough to make earthenware dishes an' crocks are savages, an' those who know that much, but don't know readin' and writin' are barbarians, an' them as have readin' an' writin' and book learnin', and can study history o' the past an' o' books, they are civilized. And the more they know about those sort o' things, the more civilized they are. But you're tryin' to make your young uns grow up just savages."

"Hold on Sile," says Jack, "I ain't exactly mad, what you say ain't true. This is a civilized country, I tell you, and them as lives in it (like my children) has got to be civilized too. There now!"

"No," says I, "you're wrong, Jack. It's true your boy can get onto a train o' cars, when somebody else runs it; a wild Indian could do that, an' still be an ignorant savage. It wouldn't be his civilization, the cars wouldn't. They'd just be civilization he'd borrowed for the time bein'."

"An' your children couldn't run an engine, or make an earthen plate, or read in the Bible about Jesus Christ, or in the papers about who ought to be next president, or do anything else useful, except to hoe a little corn. It's true, Jack, that we in this country can't cut clean loose from civilization. I follow you that much. But a heap o' folks takes their civilization second hand, like, from others, without understandin' a thing about it them selves, or really enjoyin' it, none to speak of. Why," says I, "I'd most as soon eat my dinner second hand, you a eatin' it for me, Jack, an' I simply a watchin' you, as to take all my civilization second hand, an' not do a thing myself to make my country better and more civilized!"

"Goodness sakes, Sile," says Jack, "that sounds like preachin'!"

"I don't care what it sounds like," says I, "but you just send yer children to school the next live years, steady; an' if you're sorry for it then, come down an' let me know."

An' I hope Jack's thinking about these things now.

Yours truthfully,

SILE SHINGLES.

There's no need to go to the PARIS EXPO. You'll find everythin' and nothin' but the Big Pond to fear.

LEXINGTON HORSE SHOW, FAIR AND CARNIVAL August 1900--13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18--1900

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Live Stock, Trotting, Pacing, Running, Mule Races.

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E. W. SHANKLIN, Secretary, Lexington, Ky. Excursion rates on all railroads. See posters and small hand bills.



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DEPARTMENTS: For those NOT sufficiently advanced to get a teacher's certificate: I. Trade Schools: Carpentry, Housework, Printing—two years. II. Model Schools, preparing for Normal and the advanced courses.

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For those more advanced: VI. Academy Course—four years, fitting for College, for business, and for life. VII. College Courses—Classical, Philosophical, and Literary. Adjunct Departments: VIII. Music—Read Organ, Choral (free), Vocal, Piano, Theory. IX. Berea General Hospital—Two years' course in the care of the sick.

Berea places the best education in reach of all. It is a money-making institution. Its instruction is a free gift. It aims to help those who value education and help themselves, and charges a small incidental fee to meet expenses of the school apart from instruction. Students must also pay for their board. Expenses for term (12 weeks) may be brought within \$21, about half of which must be paid in advance.

The school is endorsed by Baptists, Congregationalists, Disciples, Methodists, Presbyterians, and good people of all denominations. For information or friendly advice address the Vice-President,

GEO. T. FAIRCHILD, LL. D., Berea, Madison Co., Ky.